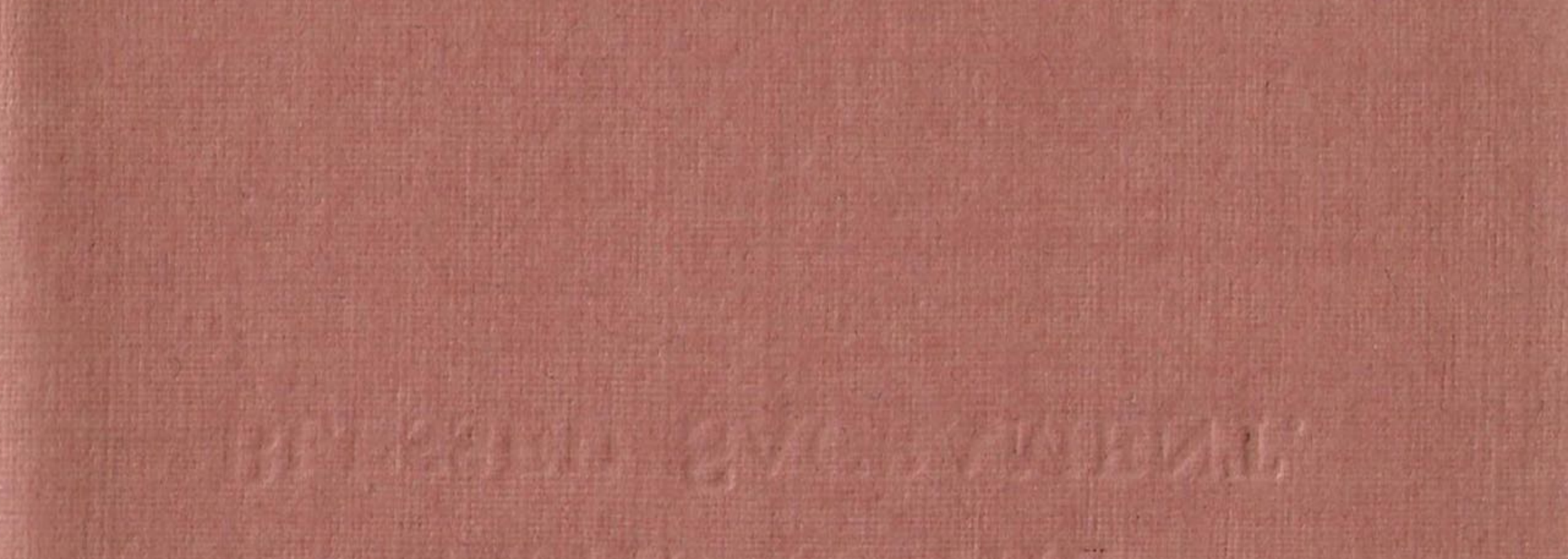
PRICE - 10d

EUCHARISTIC BOOKLETS.

VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

PRICE FOUR FENCE

TALBOT & CO.,
13, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4.



VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

BLESSED EUCHARISTIA!
AIDS TO THE

Visits of the Most Holy Sacrament.

An Act of Adoration to the Most Holy Trinity.

I MOST humbly adore Thee, O uncreated Father, and Thee O only-begotten Son, and Thee, O Holy Ghost the Paraclete, one almighty, everlasting and unchangeable God, Creator of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

I acknowledge in Thee a true and ineffable Trinity of persons, a true and indivisible Unity of substance. I glorify Thee, O ever-serene effulgent Trinity, one only Deity, my most compassionate Lord, my sweetest hope, my dearest light, my most desired repose, my joy, my life, and all my good.

To Thy most merciful goodness I commend my soul and body; to Thy most sacred Majesty I wholly devote myself, and to Thy divine will resign and yield myself eternally. All honour and glory be to Thee for ever and ever. Amen.

O heavenly Father, O most forgiving Father, O Lord God, have mercy upon me a wretched sinner, have mercy upon all men. In fullest reparation, expiation, and satisfaction for all my iniquities and negligences, and for the sins of the whole world, and perfectly to supply the deficiency of my good works and merits.

I offer to Thee Thy beloved Son, Christ Jesus, in union with that sovereign charity with which Thou didst send Him to us, and didst give Him to us as our Saviour. I offer His transcendent virtues, and all that He did and suffered for us. I offer His labours, sorrows, torments and most precious blood.

I offer the merits of the most blessed Virgin Mary, and of all Thy Saints. Assist me, I beseech Thee, O most merciful Father, through the same Thy Son, by the power of Thy Holy Spirit. Have mercy on all unhappy sinners, and graciously call them back to the way of salvation. Grant to all living pardon, and grace, and to the faithful departed eternal light and rest. Amen.

O Holy Spirit, sweetest Comforter, who

proceedest from the Father and the Son, in an ineffable manner, come, I beseech Thee, and sink into my heart. Purify and cleanse me from all sin, and sanctify my soul. Wash away its defilements, moisten its dryness, heal its wounds, subdue its stubbornness, melt its coldness, and correct its wanderings. Make me truly humble and resigned, that I may be pleasing to Thee, and Thou mayest abide with me for ever.

O most blessed light, O most amiable light, enlighten me! O ravishing joy of Paradise, O fount of purest delights, O my God, give Thyself to me, and kindle vehemently in my inmost soul the fire of Thy love. O my Lord, instruct, direct, and defend me in all things. Give me strength against all immoderate fears and a feeble spirit; bestow upon me a right faith, a firm hope, and a sincere and perfect charity; and grant that I may ever do Thy gracious will. Amen.

Aspirations of Love to Jesus to obtain an ardent Love of God

I.

O JESUS, most sweet, most secret, and most intimate Spouse of Holy souls, I beseech Thee, inflame my heart with the love of Thee, that I may delight in Thee from my inmost soul. Visit me in Thy mercy, and fill my heart with Thy grace, for the very depths of my being long for Thee, the fountain of sweetness.

O my Lord Jesus, O Fire that burnest sweetly, and shinest secretly, and consumest gently, take full possession of my whole heart. O King of Kings, King of eternal glory, grant that I may hunger and thirst for Thee alone, sigh after Thee, and ardently desire to behold Thy ravishing countenance.

O amiable Jesus, pierce my heart with the sweetest dart of love; penetrate my soul with burning charity, that I may languish altogether with desire and love of Thee. Let it be wholly dissolved in love, wholly melt away, and be absorbed in Thee.

O Lord, disengage my soul from all things here below, that it may freely tend to Thee alone, and Thou alone mayest inhabit it, its owner and possessor. Let Thy most sweet fragrance descend upon me; let the ineffable odour of Thy divine charity come to me, to excite in me incessantly all pure desire.

Grant, O my Lord, that, wholly filled with the sweetness of Thy love, and wholly set on fire with the flame of heavenly charity, I may delight in Thee with my whole heart, and from the deepest recesses of my inmost soul. May I love Thee, O sweet Lover; may I love Thee, O only salvation of my soul; may I love Thee, for thou hast loved me! O Spouse most lovely, most beloved, grant that I may love Thee more and more. Let the strong violence of Thy love utterly dislodge from my heart the weight of all earthly desires, and make me run without ceasing in the odour of Thy sweetness.

O my own most compassionate Lord, write on the tablet of my heart the sweet memory of Thee, which no forgetfulness may ever erase, that I may ever burn with

the desire of Thee, that I may be wholly set on fire with the flame of Thy love, and drowned in the deluge of Thy charity.

II.

O MY GOD, ocean of holy love and sweetness, come and give Thyself unto my soul. Grant that with a perfect heart, full desire, and burning affection, I may unceasingly aspire after Thee, and lovingly respire in Thee. May I prefer thee to every creature, and for Thee renounce every transitory delight, O my highest joy!

Feed me, O Lord, thy poor, famished beggar, with continual draughts of Thy divinity; refresh me with the wished-for presence of Thy grace. This I seek, this I long for, that a vehement love may penetrate me through and through.

Grant, O most benign Redeemer, that I may be wholly inflamed with the love of Thee, that I may delight only in Thee. O overflowing well of divinity, draw me to Thee, and immerse me in Thyself; so seize and take to Thyself all the affections

of my heart, that it may be wholly dead to all beside.

O God of all sweetness, I call Thee into my soul; I cry to Thee, I long for Thee with a great affection, O surpassing delight of the most intimate union! Come, my beloved, come a thousand thousand times desired, that I may inwardly possess Thee, and clasp Thee in the chaste embraces of my soul.

O Light that ever shinest, and never fadest, enlighten me!

O Fire that ever burnest, and never failest, enkindle me!

O Love that ever glowest, and never faintest, absorbe me into thee!

O dear Light of mine eyes, Jesus, chase away all darkness from the chambers of my heart, and illumine me throughout with the splendour of Thy grace! Enter into my soul, O perfect sweetness, that it may savour of sweet things, and find its joy and rest in Thee!

O my Beloved, sole object of my vows, grant that I may find Thee, and finding, may retain Thee, and hold Thee fast bound in the arms of my soul. I long for Thee,

I pant after Thee, O bliss eternal! Oh, that Thou wouldest give Thyself to me, unite me intimately to Thee, and inebriate me wholly with the wine of heavenly charity.

III.

WOUND, O Lord, the secret recesses of my inmost being with the arrow of Thy love, and send the saving flame deep into the marrow of my cold and torpid heart; that, all on fire with the inextinguishable flame of charity, and penetrated with the unspeakable sweetness of Thy Spirit, I may be wholly transformed from myself to Thee.

Receive me, O beauteous Spouse, Jesus, into the closest embraces of Thy love, that, folded therein, my dull, cold heart may glow all through with warmth. Open, Lord, open when I knock, and admit my desolate soul into the chamber of Thy love, and, in Thy mercy, espouse it to Thyself.

May I draw from Thee the living water, O Fount of honied sweetness, that by the very taste thereof I may never thirst

again for anything but Thee. Let the heavenly dew of Thy sweet charity come down upon me, that, inwardly imbued therewith, I may be preserved pure from earthly desires and unchaste affections.

O dearest of all that is dear to me, grant that I may be wholly Thine, and that Thou mayest continue mine for ever. So join, so fasten me to Thyself, that I can never be separated from Thee; so impart Thyself to me, that, filled with the sweetness of Thy peace, I may find my chaste delight for evermore in Thee.

O Light serene and peaceful, O my God, irradiate my soul with Thy bright beams! Draw me closer to Thee, O thou glowing Sun, that, at Thy powerful heat, the soil of my heart may bring forth the flowers and fruits of holy love!

O my glory, O my joy, O my unmixed delight, Jesus, kindle, I pray Thee, such a flame of love in my inmost heart, that henceforth I may choose nothing, desire nothing in the world but Thee!

O my Lord, let heaven and earth, and all things contained therein, without Thee, be to me like a cold wintry waste.

Do Thou alone affect me, do Thou alone delight me; may the love of Thee alone live and burn within me, and continue ever living and burning.

IV.

SHINE upon me, O most bright and genial Light, that the thick shades of my blindness may be changed into the clearest noonday splendour. O good Jesus, adorn my soul with that grace of charity which Thou lovest; anoint it with that richness of love which Thou delightest in. Take from it whatever is less pleasing to Thine eyes, and render it in every thing acceptable to Thee.

O sweetest Flame, devour and consume the very ashes of my substance! Take me to Thyself, that, joined to Thee by the indissoluble tie of love, I may live of thee, and flourish before thee as a lily.

O fairest, O most blooming Flower, Jesus! O Life that never fadest! O Life by which I live, without which I die! O Life by which I rejoice, without which I mourn! O Life most sweet and amiable, grant that I may be joined to Thee, and,

soothed to sleep in Thy embrace by sweetest charity, may find my holy rest in Thee, Who art our perfect peace.

Grant, O my Lord, that filled with the violence of a burning love, and melted with the sweetest of a penetrating charity, my soul may be dissolved in Thee. Possess it, O sovereign, O priceless Good, possess it, that it may possess Thee, and find its blessedness in Thee.

O my beloved, pierce, transfix my heart with the sharpest dart of love, that my soul may be refreshed in languishing for Thee. Let all transitory things grow worthless in my eyes; do Thou only please me, do Thou only make me glad with Thy incomparable beauty.

Break down, O sweet Jesus, the hateful wall of my indifference and grant that, with a free and ready heart, I may follow Thee with constant fervour.

O Jesus, only comforter of my heart, let fall unceasingly upon me, I beseech Thee, the sweet dew of Thy grace. Draw me to Thee by the potent virtue of love, and imprint upon me the kiss of Thy forgiveness, that, sealed therewith, I may hence-

forth love nothing beside Thee; for Thou art my whole possession, and the whole blessedness of my soul.

O sacred banquet in which Christ is received; the memory of His Passion is renewed; the mind is filled with grace; and a pledge of future glory is given to us. Alleluia.

A prayer for the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament

O DIVINE REDEEMER of our souls, who of Thy great goodness hast been pleased to leave us Thy precious Body and Blood in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, I adore Thee with the most profound reverence. I humbly thank Thee for all the favours Thou hast bestowed upon us, especially for the institution of this most Holy Sacrament. And as Thou art the source of every blessing, I entreat Thee to pour down Thy benediction this day upon us, and upon all those for whom we offer up our prayers.

And that nothing may interrupt the course of Thy blessing, I beseech Thee to banish from my heart all that displeases Thee; pardon me my sins, O my God, since I sincerely detest them for love of Thee; purify my heart, sanctify my soul, bestow on me a blessing like that which Thou didst grant to Thy disciples at Thy ascension into heaven. Grant me a blessing that may change, consecrate, and unite me perfectly to Thee, and may

fill me with Thy Spirit, and be to me in this life a foretaste of those blessings which Thou reservest for Thy elect in heaven. All this I beg in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

An Act of Spiritual Communion.

I believe in Thee, O my Jesus, present in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar; I love Thee above all things, and I desire to receive Thee into my soul. Since I cannot now receive Thee sacramentally, come at least spiritually into my heart. I embrace Thee and I unite myself to Thee, as if Thou wast already there. Oh, permit me not ever to be separated from Thee.

Twenty Aspirations of Love to Jesus in the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar.

1. *Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon in the diadem wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals* (*Cant. iii.* 11).

O daughters of grace, souls that love God, come forth from the darkness of the world, and behold Jesus, our king crowned with thorns, with the diadem of insult and sorrow, with which His mother, the pious synagogue, crowned Him on the day of His espousals, on the day of His death, by which He espoused Himself on the cross to our souls; come forth again and behold Him, full of all mercy and love, coming to unite Himself to you in this Sacrament of Love.

My beloved Jesus, it has cost Thee so much to unite Thyself to our souls in this most sweet Sacrament; Thou hast first to undergo so bitter and ignominous a death. Come, then, O Lord, hasten to unite Thyself to my soul. It was once Thy enemy by sin, but now Thou wilt make it Thy spouse by grace. Come,

Jesus, my spouse; I resolve never more to betray Thee, but to remain faithful to Thee for ever; as a loving spouse, I desire only to think of and please Thee. I would love Thee without reserve; I would be wholly Thine.

2. *A bundle of myrrh is my beloved to me; he shall abide between my breasts.* (*Cant. i.* 13).

The myrrh plant when it is bruised, sends forth tears and waters of health. To give us His blood for our santification, our Jesus wished to shed the last drop of it through His painful wounds.

Come, then, beloved "bundle of myrrh" my dearest Jesus, who, when I see Thee wounded and bleeding on the cross, art to me an object of sorrow and compassion. But in receiving Thee in this most Divine Sacrament, Thou art more pleasant to me than the choicest grapes to a man oppressed with thirst. "A cluster of cypress is my love to me in the vineyards of Engaddi" (*Cant. i* 13).

Oh, what joy and sweetness do I feel in knowing that I am about to receive Thee, my Saviour, who didst offer Thyself in sacrifice on the cross for my salvation!

"He shall abide between my breasts." Yes, my Jesus, Thou shalt never again depart from me. I wish to love Thee always, and to be for ever united to Thee in the closest bonds. I will always belong to Jesus; Jesus shall be for ever mine.

3. *While the King was at his repose, my spikenard sent forth the odour thereof.* (*Cant. i.* 12).

When Jesus comes to dwell in a soul by Holy Communion, oh, how does it, by the light which the King of Heaven brings with Him, see and know its own vileness and, like the spikenard, the most lowly of plants, confess that it is the basest of creatures! What sweet odour does it, when thus humbled, send forth to its beloved King, who invites it to unite itself more and more closely to him!

My soul, if thou desirest that Jesus should dwell within thee, see how low and wretched thou art; humble thyself by banishing all self-esteem, which makes Jesus depart from thee, and prevents Him from coming to repose within Thee.

Come to me, my dear Redeemer, and, by Thy divine light, make me to know my vileness my misery, my nothingness; that so Thou mayest rest with delight in my soul, and never more be separated from me.

4. *Think of the Lord in goodness* (*Wis. i.* 1).

My soul ,why art thou so fearful at the sight of the infinite goodness and love of Thy God? Why art thou so distrustful? Now that thou dost receive Jesus Christ within thee, see that you correspond to His love, confiding in the boundless goodness of thy God, who gives Himself entirely to thee. His judgments truly are terrible, but only to the proud and obstinate. To the penitent and humble, who wish to love and please Him, they are all mercy and love because they spring from a heart full of compassion and love.

Such are the judgments of God, that the royal Psalmist, in meditating on them, was filled with hope and joy. "In Thy words I have hoped exceedingly. Thy judgments are delightful. . . . I remember O Lord, Thy judgments of old, and was comforted."

Truly, this great God is too good and loving to them that seek Him with love. "The Lord is good . . . to the soul that seeketh Him."

Oh, how good is God to all who endeavour to conform their will to His divine will! "How good is God to them that are of a right heart."

My God, my love, my hope, my all, I desire Thee, and I desire Thee only, that I may love Thee, please Thee, and always do Thy holy will. Grant that I may find Thee and that I may never more abandon Thee.

5. *The voice of my beloved knocking: Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled (Cant. v. 2).*

Behold the voice of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament to those that love and desire Him. Open to me, He says, thy heart; I will enter there, and dwell with thee. Thou shalt become My sister by likeness to me; My love, by the communication of My graces; My dove, by the gift of simplicity; My undefiled, by the gift of purity which I shall bestow upon thee. The spouse adds: "For my head is full of dew,

and my locks with the drops of the night'' (*Cant. v.2*). Consider, O my beloved I have waited all night of the life of sin, which thou hast spent in the midst of darkness and errors. Behold, instead of coming to chastise thee with scourges, I come with celestial dew, to extinguish in thee all impure affections, and to kindle within thee the divine fire of My love.

Come, then, O my beloved Jesus and work within me all that Thou dost desire, I renounce all other affections, that I may be entirely Thine, and that Thou mayest make me altogether conform to Thy holy will.

6. *Let my beloved come into His garden, and eat the fruit of His apple-tree.* (*Cant. v.1*).

This is the invitation of a devout soul to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Come, O my beloved, it says, into my heart, which was once unhappily not Thine, but has now, through Thy grace, returned to Thee. ''Come and eat the fruit of Thy apple-trees.'' Come and taste in me the virtues which Thou Thyself dost bring with Thee.

O Lord, for the honour of Thy Majesty, at least, purify my soul adorn it, inflame it with Thy love, make it beautiful in Thine eyes, that so it may become a fit abode for Thyself.

7. *My beloved is white and ruddy, chief among ten thousand.* (*Cant. v.* 10).

Our beloved Jesus is all white by purity, and all ruddy by the flames of divine love. Immaculate Lamb, all on fire with love for me, when wilt Thou make me as like to Thyself? When wilt Thou make me as pure as Thou art? When wilt Thou inflame me with the love which Thou dost burn for me?

Depart hence from me, all creatures; I wish only for my God: for him do I desire to reserve my whole heart and all its affections.

8. *The kindness and love of God our Saviour appeared* (*Tit. iii.* 4).

God, in becoming flesh, shewed to the world the extent of His goodness to mankind; but in the most Holy Sacrament He displays the tenderness of His love for souls. "Does it not," says St. Augustin, seem a folly to say: "Eat my Flesh and

drink my Blood?'' as Jesus said on the night before His Passion: ''Take, and eat; this is My Body.'' To show you the ardour of My love for you, I desire that you shall eat My very Flesh. O holy faith! Who but Jesus could have thought of instituting a means of giving us His Body for the food of our souls! Some of his disciples, when they heard of this, exclaimed, ''This is a hard saying, who can hear it?'' (*John vi*.60). They refused to believe the words of Jesus Christ and ''walked no more with Him.'' But His words are of faith.

In return for all He has done for us, what more does Jesus Christ ask of us but to love Him?

O my most loving Jesus, what dost Thou not promise and give to them that love Thee? Thou dost promise them Thy love; ''I love them that love Me.'' Thou dost promise to receive them though they have turned their backs upon Thee: ''Turn to Me, saith the Lord of Hosts, and I will turn to you'' (*Zec*.3). Thou dost promise to bring with Thee the Father and The Holy Ghost, and to dwell for ever in their souls: ''He that loveth

Me shall be loved of My Father, and We will come to him, and make Our abode with him'' (*John xiv*. 21,23).

What more couldst Thou promise or give to induce men to love Thee? Most loving Lord, I understand Thee: Thou dost wish to be loved even by me. I love Thee with my whole heart; and if I do not love Thee, teach me to love.

9. *My beloved is gone down to His garden . . . . to feed in His garden, and to gather lilies* (*Cant. vi*.2).

Most Sweet Saviour, Jesus, since Thou dost descend from heaven to enter into my soul, make me, I beseech Thee, by Thy grace, to become Thy garden, that Thou mayest gather in my heart lilies and fruit pleasing in Thine eyes. Forgive me wherein I have offended Thee: receive me now that I am sorry for my sins, and desire to return to Thee: bestow upon me that purity which Thou desirest, give me strength to do Thy will, infuse into my soul a true love of Thee, and then I shall be pleasing in Thy sight. I sacrifice to Thee all my inclinations; I desire henceforth only to please Thee.

10. *He is altogether lovely* (*Cant. v.* 16).

To the souls that love Him as their spouse, Jesus is "all lovely," whether He chastises or consoles them, whether He is near or at a distance from them; because He does all from love and from a desire to be loved.

Treat me, then, O my Jesus, as Thou pleasest; I will love Thee, whether Thou dost send me consolation or afflictions. I know that all proceeds from Thy loving heart, and that all shall be for my greater good. "My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready." My will is prepared to embrace all the arrangements of Thy providence: "I will bless the Lord at all times." At all times, whether in prosperity or adversity, I wish to bless and love Thee, O Lord my Creator. I who have so often displeased by my sins, seek consolation from Thee. I seek only Thy pleasure; and I will bear cheerfully every affliction.

O my Jesus, whether far off or near, Thou shalt be always lovely, always dear to me, whether Thou dost comfort or afflict me, I will always love Thee, I will always thank Thee.

II. *Who is this that cometh up from the desert, with leaning upon her beloved?* (*Cant. viii.*5).

Ah, who are those souls who, though they live in this world, regard it as a desert, and, detached from visible things, live only to God, as if He alone existed? Whom only they love and desire to please; and who, raising themselves above the earth, enjoy the delights imparted to those who seek God alone, and place in Him all their hopes.

Who are these happy souls? Are they not those who frequently unite themselves by pure love to Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament?

O my God, I desire to be, by Thy grace, one of these blessed souls, to be detached from all things, and to be wholly Thine. Henceforth the world shall be to me a desert, where I shall be disengaged from every creature, and think only of Thee, as if there were none other than Thyself and me.

In Thee alone will I place all my confidence; Thou shalt be the centre of my affections; Thou alone, O my God, my beloved, art my hope, my love, my all.

12. *I found Him whom my soul loveth; I held Him, and I will not let Him go.* (*Cant. iii.*4).

Such shall be the language of every soul united to Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament. Sin, depart from me: I loved you once because I was blind; but I love you no longer, nor can I ever love you more. I have found one far more worthy of my love. I have within me my Jesus; He has enamoured my whole soul with His beauty; to this beloved One I have given my whole being. He has accepted me as His; therefore I am no longer my own. Creatures of sin, farewell; I am not, and never shall be yours. I belong, and shall for ever belong, to Jesus, "I hold Him, and I will not let Him go." I will henceforth embrace Him with my love, and, by His grace will never more depart from Him.

13. *Arise, O north wind; and come O south wind, blow upon My garden, that the spices may flow* (*Cant. iv.* 6).

Fly from me, O cold and noxious wind of earthly affections, and come, O sweet and warm breeze of holy love from the

heart of Jesus in the Holy Sacrament. Do Thou alone blow through my whole soul, which Jesus has chosen for His garden of delights. Blow, and new and sweet odours of virtue shall flow from me. My Jesus, Thou canst infuse this holy gift into my soul; from Thee I hope for it, of Thee I pray for it.

14. *I have gathered my myrrh, with my spices.* (*Cant. v.* 1).

The soul that has received Jesus in the Holy Sacrament should be careful to gather myrrh, that it may be able to send forth the odours of those virtues which springs from mortification. "I have eaten the honeycomb with my honey." The soul that Loves God alone is not content with the honeycomb without the honey. Hence it says to Jesus: Lord, Thy consolations are not sufficient without Thyself, Who art the source of consolation; the fruits of love are not enough for me without Thyself, who art the object of all my love.

My Jesus, Thou art sufficient for me. I am ready to renounce all consolations, provided I possess Thee alone, my God,

and my only good. I love Thee, not to please myself, but to please Thee, Who dost wish to be loved by me, and dost merit all the love of all souls, whether in joy or in sorrow.

15. *Behold, I have graven thee in my hands; thy walls are always before My eyes.* (*Is. xlix.*16).

Behold the sweet loving care of God for souls whom He loves! That He may not forget them, He carries them graven in his very hands, and declares that a mother will sooner forget her child than He will forget a soul in the state of grace. "Can a woman forget her infant? . . . And if she should forget, yet will not I forget thee" (*Is. xlix.* 15). "Thy walls are always before my eyes." His eyes are watching over the souls that love Him, to defend them against all the assaults of the enemy.

"Thou hast crowned us with the shield of Thy good will."

Our good God surrounds us with the shield of His good will, and delivers us from all dangers. O my God, O infinite goodness, Who dost love me above all

others, and desires my welfare, I give myself up entirely to Thee. If Thou art with me, all else may fail me. Behold me, O my dear Lord, or I shall do no good: teach me not only to know, but to do all that Thou dost wish me to do. Grant, O eternal Father, that I may be able truly to say what Thy beloved Son said when upon earth: "I do always the things that please Him" (*John. viii.* 29).

This grace O My God, I desire, I ask and hope for, through the merits of Thy Son, and of most holy Mary.

16. *What could have been done more for my vineyard that I have not done to it?* (*Is. v.* 4).

My soul, hear what your God says to you—What ought I to do more for you that I have not done? For your sake I became man. I, the Eternal Word, was made flesh: I, the Lord of all things took, "the form of a servant." Like a worm, I was born in a stable; "I was as a worm and no man." I even died for you, and died on an infamous gibbet." I was made obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." What more could I do for

you? "Greater love than this no man hath, than a man lay down his life for his friends" (John xv. 13). But my love has done still more. I not only died for you, but I have also instituted the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, that I might give Myself entirely to you for your spiritual food, and that I might abide among you. Tell me, what more ought I to do to gain your love?

My Lord and my Redeemer, Thou hast just reason to upbraid me, and I know not what to answer. Thou hast been infinitely good to me, and I have been infinitely ungrateful to Thee. I admire Thy infinite goodness; I behold my own ingratitude, and I postrate myself at Thy feet, saying:—My Jesus, have pity on me, have pity on me, who have repaid Thy love with so much ingratitude. Take vengeance on me; punish me, but not by abandoning me; rather do Thou chastise and convert me. Permit me not to live any longer ungrateful to Thee; grant that, through gratitude at least, I may love Thee, and that before I die I may make some small return for Thy love.

17. *Set* Me *as a seal upon thy heart.* (*Cant. viii.* 6).

Beloved Jesus, I have consecrated my whole soul to Thee, and it is but just that I place Thee as a seal of love upon my heart, to close it against all other love, and to proclaim to all that my heart is Thine and that Thou alone hast the rule over it. But, O my Lord, what canst Thou expect from me without the help of Thy grace? I can but give Thee my poor heart, to be disposed of as Thou pleasest. Behold, Lord, I give it to Thee without reserve; I beseech Thee leave not my heart any longer in my own hands; for if thou dost, I fear that I shall only rob Thee of it again.

O most loving God, O infinite love, since Thou hast so many claims to my love, make me, I entreat Thee, to love Thee. I desire to love Thee only in order that I may please Thee. Thou who dost work so many wonders in order to come into my heart in this Divine Sacrament, perform yet one miracle more; make me wholly Thine, without reserve or division, so that I may say in life, in death, and for eternity, that Thou art the

sole Lord of my heart and my only riches. "Thou art the Food of my heart, and my portion for ever." Most holy Mary, my mother and my hope, assist me, and I shall certainly be heard. Amen.

18. *How lovely are Thy tabernacles. O Lord of Hosts; my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.* (*Ps. lxxxiii. 2*).

O my God, the palaces of the great and noble are considered by men of this world as the happiest and most desirable abodes; but for me, I can find no satisfying place of rest but in the sacred tabernacles wherein Thou abidest. There I would fain remain all the days of my life; and when at a distance from Thy sacred courts, I feel as in a strange land; my soul pants for Thy sacred presence, and I exclaim with David, "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house O Lord; they shall praise Thee for ever and ever."

O my God, when such happiness is to be found in Thy presence, why should men so often leave Thee alone and neglected, while the palaces of the earthly kings are crowded with attendants?

Alas, they know not the blessedness of possessing Thee, nor the happiness which they lose by not approaching Thee.

As for me, I resolve, O my Jesus, henceforth to visit Thee as often as possible in Thy earthly temples, in which Thou vouchsafest to dwell: I will come to adore Thee, to praise Thee, to lament my sins before Thee, to seek light and comfort in all my difficulties and distresses, until the day arrives when I shall behold Thee in Thy heavenly temple unveiled, and when Thou shalt receive me to Thy love for ever.

19. *In that day there shall be a fountain open to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for the washing of the sinner* (*Zech. xiii.* 1).

Jesus in the holy Sacrament is the fountain foretold by the prophet which is open to all, and in which we can, whenever we wish, wash our souls from the stains of our daily sins. When a fault is committed, what more efficacious remedy can there be than to have immediate recourse to the Holy Sacrament?

My Jesus, I purpose always to avail

myself of this remedy; for I know that the waters of this fountain not only cleanse my soul, but also give light and strength to avoid sin, and to suffer with joy all crosses, and at the same time, inflame my heart with Thy Love. I know that for these ends Thou dost expect me to visit Thee, and dost reward with so many graces the visits of Thy lovers.

My Jesus, wash me from all the faults which I have this day committed; I am sorry for them, because they have displeased Thee; give me strength to avoid them for the future, and to love Thee ardently.

O my only and infinite good, I see that Thou hast instituted this Sacrament. That Thou remainest upon this alter to be loved by me. For this end Thou hast given me a heart capable of loving Thee. Why, then, am I so ungrateful as not to love Thee, or to love Thee so little? The love which Thou dost bear me merits far greater love from me. Thou art an infinite God—I am a miserable worm.

It would be very little for me to die, to be consumed for Thee who hast died for my sake, and who dost offer Thyself

in sacrifice every day for the love of me. Thou dost deserve infinite love, I desire to love Thee with my whole heart. Assist me, O my Jesus: help me to love Thee, and to do all that Thou dost require of me.

20. *While we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord.* (*2 Cor. v.* 6).

Souls who in this life love nothing but God, are noble pilgrims, destined to be the eternal bride of the King of Heaven; but while they now live far away without seeing Him, they sigh to depart to the country of the blessed, where they know that their Spouse awaits them. They know, indeed, that their beloved is ever present with them in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, be He as it were, hidden by a veil, and does not shew Himself. Or, rather, He is like the sun behind clouds, sending forth, from time to time, some ray of his splendour, but yet not displaying himself openly.

These holy souls live, nevertheless, contented, uniting themselves to the will of the Lord, who chooses to keep them in exile, and far away from Himself; but,

with all this, they cannot but continually sigh to know Him face to face, in order to be more inflamed with love towards Him.

When to these souls, thus filled with love for God, there appears any ray of the divine goodness, and of the love which God bears them, they would be dissolved and fade away for desire of Him; and though for them the sun is still hidden behind the clouds, and His fair face is covered with a veil, and their own eyes are bandaged, so that they cannot gaze upon Him face to face; yet what shall be their joy when the clouds shall disperse, and the gate open, and the covering shall be taken from their eyes, and the fair countenance of their Beloved shall appear without a veil, so that in the clear light of the day they shall look upon His beauty, His goodness, His greatness, and the love which He bears to them!

O death, why dost thou so delay to come? If thou comest not, I cannot depart to behold my God. It is thou who must open to me the gate that I may enter into the palace of my Lord. O blessed country, when will the day be here when I shall find myself beneath Thy

eternal tabernacles! O beloved of my soul, my Jesus, my treasure, my love, my all, when shall come that happy moment, when, leaving this earth, I shall be united to Thee!

I desire not this happiness; but the love which Thou hast shown to me, and is still more Thy infinite goodness; make me hope that I shall be one day joined to those happy souls, who, being wholly united to Thee, love Thee, and will love Thee with a perfect love through all eternity.

Prayer for our Country.

O Lord Jesus Christ, infinite goodness, Who by the Divine Sacrament of Thy Body and Blood dost refresh, comfort, and nourish Thy Church, and daily offerest Thyself a sacrifice of praise and propitiation to the Eternal Father; look graciously upon our beloved country, mercifully pardon all that hath been done or said, through impiety, or ignorance, against these most Holy Mysteries in this land; inspire the minds of all men with faith and reverence for them, that they may become Thy children, and be as

olive-plants round Thy table. Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

Final Prayer.

Vouchsafe, O Lord Jesus Christ, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, to pour down upon me thy most holy benediction, that I may be enabled always to love Thee, and seek to accomplish Thy divine will in all things; and grant, O Bread of Angels, that I may deserve to receive Thee during life, to be comforted by Thee in death, and to enjoy Thee eternally in Thy heavenly kingdom. Amen.

EUCHARISTIC BOOKLETS.

Christ's Appeal to His People. 3d., post free 3½d.

Preparation for the Blessed Sacrament. 4d., post free 4½d.

Devotions at the Eucharist. 4d., post free 4½d.

Thanksgivings at the Eucharist. 3d. post free 3½d.

Spiritual Visits to the Blessed Sacrament. 2d., post free 2½d.

Visits to the Blessed Sacrament. 4d., post free, 4½d.

Adoration to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. 2d., post free 2½d.

Eucharistic Prayers for the Seasons. 4d., post free 4½d.

Reservation Under One Kind. 1d., post free 1½d.

Spiritual Healing. 1d., post free 1½d.

Fasting. Fasting Communion. 1d. each, post free 1½d.

Little Book of Worship. Picture cover, 1/6, cloth, 2/-, morocco, 4/-, postage 2d. An illustrated Eucharistic Book for Children.

Exposition of the Mass. By JACOBUS DE VORAGINE. 1/-, post free 1/2.

The Calendar of Saints. "A Life of the Saint for each day." Paper, 2/-; cloth, 3/6; leather, 6/6, postage 3d.

Made and Printed
in Great Britain.